

アンデッドは

暖を求む



UNDEAD SEEKS WARMTH

**- Volume 3 -
HERETIC**

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CHAPTER 1

traitorAIZEN note: This is still the continuation of the story. I'm just changing the chapter numbering because of a new translator group.

Shardia in the East.

Volthaizen in the West.

And Mashenoisas in the North.

This world..... This continent, Baveron is divided mainly by these three countries.

The [Red Rouge Plains] and [Mountain Range of Dusk] is a territory belonging to one of those countries..... Shardia.

This place is located at the most eastern part of this eastern country.

Hence, it is said that after crossing the Mountain range it is possible to see the end of the world.

However, I don't have the necessary power to cross the Mountain range yet.

Thanks to the effect of eating Nee-san's hair, I was able to Rank Skip from Rank 2 to Rank four and became an Undead Ice Angel.

It's a mixture of an Immortal class and Angel class.

It's rareness exceeds that of a Vampire.

Among monsters of the same Rank 4, it's ability is top rank.

The best of the adventurers and the Imperial Knights of the three countries are able to match against Rank 5 monsters..... I can roughly understand their strength.

Even after obtaining such power, I'm unable to cross the Mountain range.

The reason for that is..... because all the monsters residing in the Mountain Range of Dusk are Rank 6 and above.

The number of monsters of each rank decreases the higher their rank is.

And the number of Rank 6 and above monsters living in this Mountain Range exceeds the number of Rank 6 and above monsters living all over the world.

A lot of Magic power is manufactured at night and gathers in one place, drawing all the strong monsters in.

Therefore, humans are able to thrive even without being able to defeat high-rank monsters.

Powerful monsters of Demon King class are not interested in humans in the first place.

I strayed from my talk.

Although I'm interested in the end of the world, but I don't think I want to see it that much after assuming the high risk it would take.

Therefore, I will pass on crossing the Mountain range.

The route which I can take is to go around Shardia and search for a resurrection method.

Then, I turn towards West and face the Magic Country Volthaizen.

Or should I aim for the country in the North, Mashenoisas which designated a hero of that time as their forefather?

I have three choices.

Nee-san tells me that it would be better to stay away from Mashenoisas.

Not sure if it's the truth or a lie, but apparently 1000 years ago, their founder a hero, defeated a Demon King, and since then they are awfully hostile towards monsters.

Certainly, by looking for hero's heritage I may find what I'm looking for, but..... it certainly sounds troublesome.

If that's the case, it's either to stay in Shardia or head towards Volthaizen.

I ask Nee-san for her suggestion.

It seems that she has another residence, or I should rather say a castle located in Shardia.

She suggests that I should make it my base and thoroughly look around the country.

Certainly, a base would be nice to have. A place where I can gather and record information is necessary.

After thinking for a while, I decided to stay in Shardia just as Nee-san suggested.

In the first place, this was too sudden. I should look thoroughly one-by-one.

I will have to visit the other countries soon..... but, now is not the right time.

What I have to do, what I'm aiming to do is naturally a taboo in every province.

Therefore, a vast information gathering is necessary.

The revival of the dead.

In the case of the living, every person thought about it at least once.

At the same time, many challengers aspire to get hold of it.

A miracle or a curse, a god's gift or the works of a demon. It can be considered both.

That is a [Magic tool].

Items of various materials containing different types of magic.

Their rarity value is so high, you will hardly come across one.

But as long as there's a possibility, I have no choice, but to try.

I can't consider it as a gleam of hope, but as the faintest, skinniest hope instead.

However, I have decided to do it.

With these cowardly hands that can't take away a life anymore.

I will pick a fight with this world's law of the jungle.

I have made a decision.

.....Therefore, I must get much stronger.

In order to stick to my own selfishness.

I, who can't kill, in order to not break anything.

Normally, I would have to kill other monsters in order to get stronger.

That is the principle of life for monsters.

In order to escape from that yoke, one must resign oneself and become strong.

Normally, huh.

One, just one.

There is a way to increase Magic power without killing.

No. You can't call it a way, but an underhanded trick.

I already obtained the means. By Evolving.

I can't control it to a satisfactory level yet, but I have no other way.

I'm wielding a single weapon that won't kill anything.

A weapon that can't kill..... just a mere, single, slender sword.

CHAPTER 2

...We flew considerably far.

I said so to Nee-san and, soon after we left the domain of eternal night, I squinted my eyes.

There, on the other side, strange scenery spread.

It looked like a cut out, separated space, as if artificially attached.

Really.

Even the borderline looked like it had been pulled together.

Day and Night were divided... And yet were also adjacent.

Isn't that beautiful?

While I lowered my flight speed to not be blown off while circling around, Nee-san asked me that question.

Her expressionless face now showed a laughing expression, in the form of a slightly lifted edge of her mouth.

The ominously red night; the blue sky dancing on clouds.

This chaotic contrast, it possessed a beauty which could not be easily expressed by words.

While I was taking in that sight, we arrived at the bordering line... And left the night behind.

Momentarily, sunshine started pouring onto my body.

After the passage of about five months, I could finally bathe in the sunlight.

However, the feeling that overcame me - towards what I had sought after - was a strong discomfort.

Intense dizziness and an unpleasant feeling of lightheadedness assaulted me.

...Surely, it couldn't be because of me being an undead, could it?

My posture collapsed because of the sudden event and I nearly fell from the sky.

But... Nee-san caught me by a hair's breadth.

After she slowly lowered our altitude, we got down onto the ground.

...Power doesn't seem to be entering my body.

Why has it come to that... could it be the influence of daylight?

The me who had not bathed in sunlight at all until now, could it be that any tolerance to it has yet to develop?

It took a while, but I seem to be getting used to it now.

In any case... it's necessary to rest somewhere.

As long as I'm together with Nee-san, there is no danger of being attacked by monsters... but we're no longer in our domain.

I don't think that human beings come here, near the verge of the night domain, very often.

It would, however, be troublesome if we were to chance upon an adventurer

surveilling this area.

No matter how akin we are to humans, our appearance still differed too much.

If we were to encounter a human, we would be immediately recognized as monsters, even if the other party has neither a cleric nor a magician.

If that were to happen, I'm certain that...

Nee-san will surely... murder that human being.

Nee-san is gentle.

But, I understand.

She... is only kind towards me.

She, who shows me a smile, who stretches her helping hands towards me.

Is too cruel a person... for all the others.

I know that.

Her frighteningly cold eyes glare at everything, apart from me.

She wouldn't even move an eyebrow while barehandedly snapping the neck of a living being, then throwing it against the ground, changing it into a corpse.

I never say that it's bad.

Although I clearly promised to not kill, I certainly don't have any intentions of forcing that promise onto Nee-san.

The one warped... is myself.

But.

Nevertheless.

The situation in which Nee-san murders a human being in front of me... I don't want to see that.

I understand that it's selfish.

I understand it's an illogical complaint.

Still.

Even so, it's because I like Nee-san.

I don't want the Nee-san I like murder a human being in front of my eyes.

I thought... about such a selfish thing.



Because of the weakening caused by sunshine, it became temporarily impossible for me to fly in the sky and so, the two of us, walked through the forest.

Worried for me, Nee-san stayed by my side as we weaved through the forest.

According to her memories, there seems to be an old abandoned church around this area.

Although, according to Nee-san's story, a small village used to exist there but, after a surprise monster attack, it had been completely annihilated, with only the church remaining out of all the buildings.

After we walked for approximately 30 minutes, we exited into an open space.

There, as Nee-san had said, spread out the ruins of the village.

We advanced into the village, now little more than stones and debris, where the small, abolished church was found.

...? It might be my imagination, but... I felt that, compared to the rest of the village, the lack of damage here seems unnatural.

Was there, by any chance, some kind of barrier against monsters put up around that church?

However, Nee-san didn't seem to mind it in particular and, without any care, went inside.

Am I overthinking?

...Anyway, let's try entering.



The inside of the church, was much more beautiful than I thought it would be.

It's impossible to know, but it might have been used comparatively recently.

To the me who was thinking while inclining my head, Nee-san said to rest here for a while.

Even if you were to say that an undead is vulnerable to light, the other half of me belongs to an angel class.

Anyways, because I belong to such a rare family, I cannot really assert, but I should gain a complete resistance towards sunlight in a few days.

Soon after, Nee-san went to check whether she could find any leftover wine in this abandoned village.

I sat down on a nearby bench and shook my head slightly several times.

...That feeling of dizziness, was the first I have experienced since my death.

Nee-san said that, although I would gain a tolerance towards sunshine, due to the fact that we already passed the zone of eternal night, the magic power necessary for body maintenance will increase.

The characteristic of a cold (freezing) undead is that it's magic power consumption is self-sustaining during nighttime.

A little part of it seems to have remained.

The strength of undead species leans towards the night.

There is no helping it.

Judging from the feeling I'm getting, it will surely take a few days before getting accustomed to daytime magic power consumption.

Human beings living in the plains won't suddenly decide to move towards the high mountains.

...that being said, hopefully, it will not come to that.



When I clenched and opened my hand, I felt some difficulty in this movement.

Suddenly, I heard a noise from behind me.

I looked back reflexively.

...Was it Nee-san? No, it's different, the presence is too feeble.

Because of how bad my condition is, detection doesn't seem to work well.

I scowled in the direction of the sound after standing up a little uncertainly.

Sword... No, it's useless, I don't seem to be able to take it out.

It wasn't possible for me to exercise it's complete power even in my perfect state.

With my present physical condition, it's probably impossible.

But, there is always the hand-sword attack.

I hesitate; what should I do?*

From the shadows cast by piled up debris and stones, something emerged.

Unintentionally, my eyes widened at what appeared in my sight.



The existence which, in a sense, I wanted to encounter the least.

Dressed in religious clothing, looking to be of the same age group as me and holding a crooked cross in its hand while facing me.

...A human girl was there.

CHAPTER 3

Damn... Is she a cleric?

The first thought that ran through my mind at the girl's appearance was how hopeless the affinity between us two is.

Although it could be said that I have become a half-angel, I'm essentially an undead.

Clerics, wielding the magic of purification, are extremely troublesome, regardless of the other party's combat efficiency.

Next.

I thought "I must get this child to leave before Nee-san's return".

...Nevertheless, that was careless.

If one were to look at this church again, there appear to be signs of repair... here and there... there is neither dust, nor that many cobwebs even though it was left alone.

In short, there are signs of it being "used".

Although my physical condition is quite poor, for me to not even think nor notice such things at all...

I cursed my own naivety as I roused my body, not yet used to the dizziness and tiredness, forcing myself to think.

What to do?

This condition is the worst, even the sword doesn't want to appear, not even mentioning fighting,

Running away is not an option.

This child would be killed by Nee-san if she were to be found in the middle of here, not that I would be able to escape in such a barely conscious condition.

...It's useless.

My hand doesn't want to move.

Has the other side noticed that I'm a monster? Her eyes were wide open as she stared here.

...Although it's a shame, there is no helping it... The other party is just one person.

She's also a cleric.

Even though our compatibility is the worst, the other party might not necessarily belong to a fighting profession.

If that's the case, the possibility of scaring her away if I were to show hostility, was there.

I used what little strength I had left to my utmost and pulled out my ice wings.

I can't possibly fly indoors, let alone during the daytime with sunlight.

Those wings, which I pulled out in desperation, are so fragile that if anything hard were to hit them, they would shatter.

They became the bluff.

The girl finally showed surprised expression and edged back a little.

Good... Keep it up!

Feel fear towards me, be afraid of me.

Just run away, without thinking of fighting.

You will be murdered if Nee-san were to come back here.

I don't have the strength to stop her, nor do I have any qualifications to do so either.

But, I at least don't want Nee-san to murder that person in front of me.

Therefore, run away!

That person's can't sense the miniscule human life signs at all and so, if she were to turn back and run away, Nee-san hardly ever actively chases to kill.

She is, however, a person who never pardons those that defy her.

Therefore, do not think about fighting against me.

I wasn't so different from humans and so, I do not know how my existence is viewed as by clerics.

You who would harm the one I serve, must be defeated as you're my enemy - maybe.

But, please escape now.

Don't linger around and Nee-san won't murder you.

Do not let that person commit homicide in front of me.

...That thought was unreasonable, I have to admit so myself.

So absurd, I could only laugh at myself for thinking so.

It is, however, my true intention.

Truly without a doubt, for me, it was a sincere cry from my heart.



----- Alas.

Such a desire was smashed into pieces like ice.

From the door located in the depths of the church, where the cleric was heading to. Figures casting shadows emerged one after another.

There were more than ten of them.

One elderly, another young, a mixed group of males and females.

...Perhaps, the other side of the door is connected to the underground passage or something.

I could still hear many more footsteps ascending the stairs.

Those people, all clad in uniform black mantles, looked towards me at once.

Expressions of surprise surfaced on them.

Not too long after, it turned into hostility directed towards me.

Ah... It's useless.

Nee-san will come back here soon.

Then, they will die.

They can only be killed by Nee-san.

Those kinds of things, I don't want to see.

Nee-san murdering human beings.

Can the spectacle before my eyes... Can I see Nee-san the same way I did until now?
I don't know... Don't know; don't know.

Well.

What I'm the most afraid of wasn't for Nee-san to kill them all.

To see Nee-san's figure performing the homicide was what I so wanted to avoid.

I.

Can I be afraid of Nee-san?

For me to end up hating Nee-san, was the most frightening thing of all.

That's the worst scenario for me.

The appearance of me turning my back towards that person.

A tremor ran through my body when I imagined that even a little bit.

I hate it.

I don't want to dislike Nee-san.

Then, what should I do?

Should I try to persuade Nee-san to not kill any of those human beings here?

Do you seriously believe that I'm qualified enough to do so?

The right to stop the action of that person, towards whom I've a great debt of gratitude?

...Of course not.

However, but.

Then, what should I do?

What do I... do?

In my head, ideas started rotating in a broken manner.

Still... I was unable to find any means of escape.

I felt despair.

I seemed to be going mad.

At such a time.

... An Angel.

From the group of around 20 people that I can see.

Someone muttered so in a dim voice.

When the word was spoken, the expression on everybody's faces changed in an instant.

From surprise to delight.

If I were alone again.

They clasped their hands to pray and knelt before me.



----- Heretics.

A group of people sometimes holding deep affection towards a great number of monsters, in particular the divine Angels.

A person believing in this tenets, "a heretic".

In general, they are not allowed to worship in the open and are forced to hide in underground caves to offer their prayers.

And... As for me, I am only an imitation, just half an angel.

However, to them, I was an existence that should be worshiped and prayed to.

CHAPTER 4

Nee-san returned.

After all, she couldn't find any wine in such a demolished village and her eyebrows sunk slightly.

Nee-san stretched her hand out towards me, who was sitting on one side of a sofa.

And, with her immaculately white and slender fingers and shapely fingertips.

She stroked my cheek gently.

Is your body alright?

Her voice shook slightly.

This person was surely worried about my body condition from the bottom of her heart.

About me, who was much harder to break than living things.

„, Really, she's such a gentle person.

It has, however, never occurred, for that gentleness of her, to be turned towards anybody but me.

Nee-san's reason for being gentle to me, as she said, "is that you are beautiful".

She said so... at our first meeting.

Therefore, I evaded anything that could cause my body to rot, out of fear of being abandoned.

And, after going up two levels on the evolution ladder, my figure completely changed when compared with the former one.

Shoulder length silvery hair, with metallic sheen to them,

The blue hue of my eyes, from the time when I was a cold undead, changed from light blue to indigo blue.

Silver hair, indigo eyes.

That hue seems to be well paired with Nee-san's blond hair and red eyes.

Is this the influence from becoming the Angel kind? The face, form and figure were further refined, much more beautiful than I ever was in my past life.

...No.

This appearance may be something for which I had hoped for deep in my heart.

Nee-san... she's by my side because I'm beautiful.

Therefore, if I were to become more beautiful.

If I do so, Nee-san will be with me all the time.

.....

I'm a hopeless case if I'm seriously considering such a thing.

The great kindness Nee-san has showered me with, trying to tie it down onto myself.

Impossible.

This must not happen.

Such a behaviour, that repays kindness with abuse.

Even thinking about it, is not permitted.

There will come a time for me to be separated from Nee-san.

I don't know when it will be.

It may be a far away point in time, and it may be close.

If Nee-san says a word, I will readily do as she says.

Faithfully hear out whatever she says.

Because for Nee-san, that's the least I can do.

However, at the very least.

As long as she says that it's okay.

I want to be by her side.

I want to be allowed to do so.

If there's anything I can do, I will do anything.

...Therefore, it's long.

Even a day is long.

I am by your side.

Please, take a seat.



After having patted my cheeks and hair happily for a while, Nee-san left for the outside again.

In the middle of her looking for some wine, she seemed to have found a somewhat whole deserted house where I could take a nap.

Nee-san choose that place to stay in until I obtain high enough resistance towards sunlight, which was in approximately three days.

Meanwhile, after she reported to me that she's going to sleep, she left.

...Believe it or not, but that person can keep on sleeping for three days straight.

Well, this time it's completely enough to just wait slowly for the level up, and there is no associated danger to it.

Then, since it's faster that way, I will sleep.

I was told to go wake Nee-san up if there was anything.

Besides, at the moment... It is more convenient now that Nee-san is sleeping over there.

I flung the door leading to church's interior open and descended the stairs leading underground.

It was deeper than I initially thought.

So as to not miss a step with my staggering foot, I cautiously advanced with my hand constantly attached to the wall.

Before long, I arrived at the bottom, a solid, double door appeared in front of me.

I halted and shut my eyes for a little while.

Heat perception, life perception... Neither of them works, huh...

The present me is unable to confirm what happens on the other side of this door.

Until I open it directly.

I opened my eyes calmly.

Since I have already come here, I cannot really back away.

I stretched out a hand slowly and pushed my palm onto the door.

And, strength was put into my arm.

While producing the sound of a creaking wood, the door opened.



...It's wide.

This underground space, was much wider than I thought it would be.

That was, so to speak, a place akin to a Cathedral.

The light cast by candlelight mysteriously turned and twisted flickering on the wall.

The people prayed to a distorted cross, which started shining lightly, standing on something that faintly resembled an altar.

I spread my wings.

Although my physical condition is still not in the best of states, it doesn't matter that I can't yet fly in here.

The people offering their prayers noticed my existence.

Feelings of admiration and intoxication appeared on their faces.

There was even a person who shed tears among them.

The cleric girl, whom I met first, was offering her prayers near the altar, lowered her head and bowed deeply towards me.

Angel.

Several of them muttered so.

They weren't wrong, but I couldn't say it's right either.

However, I didn't correct them.

That's because it's convenient for me to be in this church with what I'm about to do.

I'm sorry for deceiving you.

It is, however, better by far than for all of you to die.

I walk in daringly with an exaggerated gesture.

I stood on the altar as if it was natural.

And I told them.



I, my pious believers.

A great power is going to approach this place soon.

If you don't want to lose your lives, part from this land at once.

The deadline... is in 3 days!



It was a very comical performance, even if I do say so myself.

However, by doing this, I can keep them away from here.

That's all there is to it, the kind of fanatics that wouldn't stop praying even if ridiculed for heresy.

The words of the being they believed in, I'm sure they will follow my words unconditionally.

...That's right, like this.

These human beings won't be murdered by Nee-san.

By Nee-san in front of me.

I will finish it without letting you murder anybody.

CHAPTER 5

As expected, my words seems to have reached the heretics.

I thought so, while looking at their hurried appearances as they were moving around, settling the necessary things.

These human beings, I cannot bring them to introduce to Nee-san.

Although it's hard to think of her as somebody that would kill those that run away... It wouldn't be wrong to call her cruel.

And, essentially, the vampire race is quite whimsical.

In the chance event of her thinking "I don't like them" even for an instant, their lives will end up disappearing.

Because I don't want to see such a spectacle, I led them out of here.

I don't have it in me to stop Nee-san or hinder her actions at all; this is the most I can do.

Although it could be considered roundabout, it's only possible to do it that way for me.

...Really.

What am I even doing?

Not following my heart; I fear, I run, and these actions constantly get repeated by me.

And, I become what?

What can I do?

Because I am like this, even Misha... Let's stop.

There is no helping it, even if I regret it.

Regretting the change that already happened.

It's painful, because it cannot be changed.

Eventually, no matter how logical the arrangement is, one's own intentions are given priority.

Therefore, I cannot kill any more living beings, nor can I stop Nee-san from killing others.

Shameful... I'm so shameful.

Having accepted my weakness, I can't even inspire myself.

I am awfully shameful, I thought wryly.



I sat down on the altar and closed my eyes while remaining motionless, thinking.

Was it a dislike towards myself, or just a sneer?

It's likely that I wouldn't have been able to live upright.

I wonder how others do it, holding their hearts on their sleeves.

While I was thinking, somebody knelt down in front of me.

An old man and a child.

Is there something wrong with the child's foot? He was using a walking stick as support.

While lowering his head before me, the old man entreated me feebly.

Angel, could you please... please, cure this child's foot.

...Indeed, it has come.

I stopped my roundabout thinking and stood up.

My knowledge on medicine is no good and I do not know the diseases of this world.

Even for an untrained eye, the child's foot seemed to be in a fairly bad condition.

The discoloured, darkened skin, by no means looked like foot.

Can this even be cured? Aren't you mentioning something unreasonable?

Still, their trust in me will be lost if I chase them off or say that it's impossible to cure.

On the contrary, they might fly into rage if I do a bad job and attack me.

If it so happens, this will be the end.

I cannot attack, nor flee because I can't take out my sword due to bad health.

And they would all end up killed by maddened Nee-san, just like the Lesser Devils back then.

In other words, all these plans will be in vain if I don't show some kind of divine grace here.

...Oh dear.

If it's about curing the foot, when asked: can I do it? The answer is yes.

I knelt down on one knee in front of the child and told it to put out the foot here.

The child was helped by presumably their grandfather or something, and managed to stretch the bad foot out.

I do not know how could a child's foot become like this.

Even if I don't understand it in particular, it's still possible to cure it.

I gripped the child's foot slowly.

I thought it would scream at the coldness of my hand, but the child's foot appears to have no sense of pain.

While feeling the expectant and tensed gazes directed at me from the surroundings.

I made some theatrical movements and inhaled a breath I don't usually need.

At the same time... from my indigo blue eyes, a tear spilled out and fell.

I don't understand why I cry.

However, they spill without permission when I use my power that way.

When I started doing it, I heard the sound of people holding their breaths from surroundings.

They're most likely thinking it's a sign of benevolence.

I blew on the child's foot while shedding tears.

The white breath clung to the whole foot... sparkling, it began to emit warm light.

After a few dozens of seconds, the light disappeared.

Like mist, the breath gradually faded away and then.

The previously dark foot of the child changed to a normal, skin colour and any abnormality was nowhere to be found.

The name of this skill is called "The Angel's Breath"

It's the special kind of magic only permitted to use by the Angel kind.

Although neither mortal wounds nor fatal sicknesses can be cured, the foot that simply couldn't move was cured this time.

It's no problem.

Because I cured the foot of the child, shouts of joy sounded throughout the temple.

It was a miracle, and when miracles happen commotions are bound to break out.

Apparently, it seemed to have been a kind of fatal disease or something of the like.

Human Beings... Why are those creatures so fragile?

Anyways, the credibility of my words has largely increased after this.

While I kept my eyes on the people, who knelt down and offered their prayers to me, somehow, good expectations seemed to have appeared.

Thinking so, I sat down on the altar again.

The feelings of dizziness and languidness are slightly stronger than a while ago.

Was it because I used my powers in such a state?

Right now, my body is in a stage where it forms antibodies, against the virus that is the sunlight.

You could say that it's like catching a cold.

I cannot exercise my usual power, so naturally, the burden is also large.

It helps a lot that the inconveniences such as pain and headache do not bother me at all, because I'm an undead.

However, it was troublesome to work in that condition and I was dead tired for a while.

CHAPTER 6

Second day after meeting the heretics that hid themselves in the underground cathedral.

I was seated on a table of a private room opposite to the nun, who was also their organizer.

What we were speaking about... Well, she wanted to confirm this matter one last time.

Nee-san will wake up tomorrow.

Thus, I want to evacuate heretics to a nearby forest just in case, so that they wouldn't get found by Nee-san, till we depart.

And remain hidden for a few days, just in case, then come back to this demolished village afterwards.

It was such an arrangement.

The nun that met me seemed to have been awfully grateful, as she bowed frequently.

For heretics ----- them, the sincere believers of the "angelic religion", only a very small number of them managed to meet an actual angel.

I have heard this story... Anyways, the angel family is of few numbers and, besides that, angels rarely appear in public.

Although it's only half a sham, I still possess some characteristics of an undead here and there instead of being of pure angel class.

Although my fingernails and fangs returned to normal, my skin's deathly hue still remains as usual and my pupils are thinly open like those of a snake too.

Where does such an angel exist?

...Correction, I am here.

However, the talk doesn't advance.

We clash when we talk.

We collide when we move.

It could not even last a second.

Come to think of it, I'm the object of their worship, considered even greater than their own religion founder in a way, so it could be said that it can't be helped... but I would like if she were calmer.

When she was with the others, she was the manager of all their affairs and I judged her to have fortitude. However, when it became just the two of us, this happened.

The difficulty of doing this is unrivaled.

...After all, what should have taken just 5 minutes ended up taking 30 minutes and more.



The final plan was confirmed and in conclusion, the believers will leave tomorrow morning.

Because nothing in particular was left for me to do, I sat down on the cathedral's altar and closed my eyes.

This was another part of the play.

I merely sat down with my wings put out, without stirring.

The appearance of me doing so, they seem to consider it awfully mysterious and

fantastic.

Actually, there were even some people offering their ardent prayers near me.

...Even if I am prayed to, it's embarrassing.

However, I might as well give a little service.

As it stands, my physical condition has recovered.

Although it still seems impossible to take out my sword, by the time Nee-san gets up tomorrow... When the night comes, I will surely completely recover.

It's about time to move my body, shall I start?

While thinking so, I lifted my eyelids slowly.

The previously folded ice wings, now spread out vigorously.

Innumerable, starlike ice crystals poured down over nearby believers with a flutter of wings.

At the same time, shouts of joy emerged.

Easy.

Even though it was only something so small, they were exaggeratedly pleased.

...It didn't feel so bad.

In addition,

Also, their desires as well as their thoughts, weren't that hard to figure out.

Their existence of being reliant on a monster, probably stems from them not being saved after calling for help.

The gathering of such fellows, the last hope of people that weren't saved, heresy.

It's simply that. Just that.

However... it's like that, isn't it?

When have people, regardless of their particular ages, not hoped for "Salvation"?

Because they understand that they are too weak an existence, they cling and stick to those stronger.

I'm not saying that it's bad.

Because only a strong person like Nee-san can say that clinging to another to be weak and foolish.

I am not that strong.

Rather, I... surely, I'm weaker than anybody else.

Therefore, I stay reliant.

Just like those human beings.

No, it's much deeper than that.

Even more so to Nee-san.

To the person named Vermont Elzarod, I cling.

The strongest demon lord there is, will never be broken.

I push against my own weakness.

...Those fellows as well, the degree is different, but it's the same as me.

Then, at least for the short time left till we part.

I will be their "help".

Even though I can't do much, healing someone was all I can do - such an unreliable help.

Still, even if it's only a little bit of something that can be clung onto I can provide to them.

That's enough.

Doing what I do, in the end I was strongly trying to evade being deprived of things important to me, it will be the hopeless self-satisfaction.

I want to keep death away from myself.

I have only helped those human beings because of this, then I tried to find a valid reason to justify myself.

Really, I.... I really am a hopeless person.

Only taking lives, and giving death.

Therefore, I enacted this play when I could not even be called their saviour.

That being said, if this isn't foolish, then what is?

And, although I understand that, I'm not going to change.

I'm really a "hopeless" guy in the truest sense of the word.

If they pray to such a me, to a fellow that can save them even slightly.

You should simply pray without reserve.

That's enough.

As for me, that's already too damn good.



----- At the same time, I who was neglected as well, with similar "desire" to cling and similar "thoughts."

I did everything a fellow like me could do.

And all was in vain.

CHAPTER 7

The smell of blood pervaded the forest.

Even parts of green trees were dyed in red.

The morning haze, with the shining sun, made the atmosphere in the forest even more alien.



It should have gone smoothly.

Believers finished preparing in the morning on the third day.

I have decided on the evacuation site beforehand, and noted it on the map prepared for me by the nun.

But they ended up meeting.

When I thought about it, that person hadn't really said that she's going to sleep for 3 days straight.

Despite not knowing what time she'll wake up at, I assumed that she would be sleeping until late at night.

They should have left earlier.

However, there were many elderly people in the cathedral as well.

That was their limit.

No, I should've thought it through more.

Either way, it's useless, it's already over.

I couldn't have known what the future holds, nor change the things already past.

I made a choice and, the result is this...

That's it, as simple as that.

Nothing would change, no matter how much I regret it.

Nobody will be saved, no matter how much I grieve.

I was unable to save them.

The weak that possess life.

They were weak, much too weak, much like how I myself was weak.

I was unable to save those people that clung onto me, from that strong person, to whom I have clung onto above all.



Suck, suck.

Her fangs pierced the child, whose foot I cured a while ago, on the neck, and Nee-san sipped it's blood.

Sucking up it's internal blood with terrible force, the child was already dead and it's body dried up in just a moment.

...That wasn't good enough.

Rather than the elderly, the much younger children must taste better.

"Why, such a thing", I murmured.

It was casually thrown to the ground... the thing that used to be a human body, was completely dried up now. After drinking, a trail of blood dripped from Nee-san's mouth's edge as she turned towards me.

That figure, she's definitely a vampire.

I was thrust in front of something which I thought I understood.

"Youngling...? Why are you crying?"

Only after being asked that, I noticed the tears streaming down my cheeks.

I told her that it's alright and wiped my tears away with a handkerchief.

And, new tears flowed out immediately again.

That reminds me, why don't my tears freeze over?

My body temperature falls greatly below the freezing point.

If actual tears were to run down my cheeks, they would freeze in no time, instead of leaving just water marks behind.

Such a trifling question suddenly just came up.

"... Youngling?"

Nee-san stood before me and patted my cheeks, wet with tears, quietly with her hand.

By the hand that killed people whom I was trying to save from that person.

Why am I crying? My face showed only dull puzzlement as I couldn't find the reason why.

...For me, who is such a piece of trash.

To be touched by Nee-san's hand, I thought so.

Even the anger I felt for people whom I was going to save having been murdered.

Could do nothing to make me dislike that hand that murdered them.

Having troubled this person, I felt a sense of guilt.

I shed tears over my own unreasonable self-centeredness again.

A wet thing touched my cheek this time, as if tracing the tearstains.

Nee-san's tongue licked my cheeks.

"Youngling... Stop crying, youngling..."

You made me cry.

...She will surely be awfully hurt if I were to tell her that.

Nee-san would grieve, if she knew that she damaged me, a person she was taking care of.

And, without asking for a reason, Nee-san will kill anything.

So that it doesn't damage me.

So that it doesn't make me cry.

However, I cannot tell her that.

Nee-san's doings are bound to happen, while this is me being unable to do it... not

wanting to do it...

Therefore, I won't tell her, I can not.

She is the only one I have, the weak me, it was the only thing I could do.



I wiped my tears. telling her that I just got dust in my eyes.

Nee-san believed such a plain lie and a small, relieved laugh leaked from her mouth.

.... Now, let's go.

My body is already okay, it's possible to fly, even at once.

I put my ice wings out and flapping them a few times, I floated in the sky.

Anyways, I want to move now.

For me, Nee-san stretched out a hand.

When I also stretched out a hand myself, it was tangled together with her beautiful fingers.

She changed her mantle into wings, and flew up as well.

2 people passing a forest underneath them, their bodies being bathed by sunlight.

...It's good.

I'm already safe, my tolerance to sunlight was able to develop.

It's possible to fly freely now even in daylight.

I am alright like this, somehow.

I shook my head to remove the scene of massacre branded into my retina from my eyes.

I kept shaking many more times, to shake that away, if only a little.

We went on a journey towards Nee-san's castle once more.



The bodies of heretics floating in the sea of blood.

I didn't notice that out of all the people that had prayed to me, one was missing.

DIGRESSION

WHEN DEVOTION TURNS INTO INSANITY.

..... All.

Seno, Iruyana, Gattosu, as well as Over-san.

Bushuke, Colt, Miranda, Tsuweru, and Robert-----

-----All, all have died.

No... that's not right.

They were murdered.

Yes, murdered.

By that woman.

By that monster.

With her blood-red eyes, and hair the colour of gold.

She was an existence that I have had only heard about in fairy tales.

So... By that vampire.



Why? Why?

What did we do?

Have we angered her?

Have you had a grudge towards us?

No, it doesn't appear so.

We haven't done anything, nothing at all!

We did nothing that could anger a vampire or result in a grudge between us!

We didn't even do anything!

And yet, yet, yet.

That monster killed us.

Probably, there is no reason behind it.

We just happened to catch her eye by chance.

Surely, that's the only reason.

Only that, it's only that!

..... We were murdered.

Fortunately, I have survived, alone.

Rather, I also should have died.

That way, I wouldn't have to grieve so much either.

Then, I wouldn't have had to suffer so much either.

If only it were so, all this...

could've ended... without a grudge.

Why, why was that so?

Why weren't we saved?

Hey, why Angel!

You told us that it was dangerous to us here, didn't you?

You cured Gattosu's foot, which no stately doctor nor spiritualist could do anything about, didn't you?

Before us, who were looked down upon as heretics, chased after and driven off to this town, you appeared.

..... Nevertheless, why, why?!

Why didn't you help us?!

..... No.

Not only that, you didn't do just that.

With that vampire... Did you conspire?

I saw it.

Right as everybody else was killed, just as I was about to run away.

I have seen your face, only a little bit.

The monster that was just as expressionless as a doll, only really a little.

Laughed.

Slightly, but clearly.

With eyes that you show towards your loved ones, that monster laughed.

Did you deceive us?

Did you bring us out to offer us to the vampire?

To us... Are you saying that all those smiles turned towards me, are you saying it was all a lie?!



I can't forgive you.

I don't permit, I don't permit, I don't permit I don't permit I don't permit I don't permit I don't permit.

I believed, I trusted you!

When, in front of us, deserted by both God and people, a helping hand was held out at last.

We, who continued to be despised and being thrown stones at, have kept praying!
However, you, have deceived us.



The way things are going, the way things are going it will not be the end.

Oh, please wait, angel.

You will compensate for what you did with us by all means, sooner or later.

Those beautiful ice wings, I will pluck them... and drag them through mud.

Twist that beautiful face in humiliation, as well.



I will cut through your neck and send your blood spurting. That way, your head will never again be able to deny me.

Absolutely.

Yes, absolutely.

..... Ha, haha, hahahaha.

Aha!

INTERMISSION

FATE QUICKENS

..... It's urgent.

Yes... This situation is very bad.

On the edge of our country, just the other day, another village was burned down. Moreover...

When I say the edge of Heisen Bolt then... isn't that the "Black Lake"?

I have thought "Nightmare Queen Lilith" to have behaved herself well those past few years, but...

...being an existence that can be classified as one of the greatest demon kings, I doubt this quiet can last.

To add to that, people have recently started to gossip that the shrine maiden's substitute had already been chosen.

For a while... it might become stormy.

It can very likely only be settled by him, the King of Mashenoisas.

The problem that should be the priority now, however, is how to contain the expansion of the Eternal Night Domain.

Am I mistaken though?

...Certainly.

In comparison to how things have been 10 years ago, the Eternal Night Domain has expanded by a remarkable margin.

The way the things are going, the world will be completely covered by darkness in less than 100 years.

Then, with both the S and SS class monsters wandering around all of the 6 other parts of the continent, they will finally be able to step into the domain of human beings. If that does happen... that will be the end.

Even the people our three countries boast about cannot even begin to oppose the S class monsters even while working together.

However, there are no means to keep the "Night" from undermining our world.

...Exactly how on Earth...

...It's a simple story.

The Demon King needs to be exterminated.

However, King of Mashenoisas, do we have a chance to do that, even after gathering everybody here?

Who can possibly oppose the monsters with over 100 000 total magical power and their great numbers? If it's not the "heroes" your ancestors spoke of, it wouldn't be enough...

...There is.

That hero you spoke of.

!? Hey, is that really so?!

Umu.

Literature regarding the ancient Shrine Maiden has been destroyed.

Even with the pride which is our country's priestess, it had been a hard nut to crack and required three years, but just a month ago..... it, was successful.

The summoning of the hero... was used to recall "the brave man".

Oh... Oh!

Is it the brave man?! Just like 1000 years ago, when the 6th Demon Lord "God of Death Thanatos" was eradicated, by the hero who redeemed the world, Shilla Sakagari!

If so, surely this, and even the demon lord...!

..... Do it.

The brave man, can you use him?

But of course.

I saw him pull out and wield "the Saint Sword" from its pedestal, that thousand years old relic, that not even warriors nor archmages could pull out.

About the fight, he has yet to go beyond an amateur's level... although he is now

showing quite a good growth after training.

And if given another one or two months, he might be able to put up a fight, even against a demon lord.

It's a good fortune... !

No armies of millions are able to fight against a demon lord, but brave man is necessary.

I will spare no effort in order to help bring up the brave man.

Of course, Heisen Bolt has the same thing in it.

Something that everybody would want a brave man to accomplish is to kill the 5th greatest Demon Lord by all means!

...Umu.

The first Demon Lord, Golden dragon Oriharkon.

The second Demon Lord, Vampire Lord Road.

The third Demon Lord, Beast Emperor, Kaiser.

The fourth Demon Lord, Demonic Emperor of Death Perryville.

The fifth Demon Lord, Nightmare Queen Lilith.

As long as the top demons are killed, the demons following them will begin slowly

losing power over time.

If that is done, this world will belong to human beings...!

This earnest wish that continued existing endlessly since the country's founding.

I pray, for nobody other than us to accomplish this.

""All for the world where light overflows!""



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